

## Pensioners

In Chelsea the old root  
for Empire, in miniature  
frames their ribbons  
take the thin sun back-

lighting the Queen's own  
drilling in fields a-  
cross the rushing street.

And they must stare through dust  
of life to trill a codger lust

as Sergeant-Major jaws  
a private soldier down, then

struts himself away,  
to blur the diving light with  
brass, glittering, glittering.